

POLAND,

&c.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

SECOND EDITION.

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POEMS

THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

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BY

THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

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Constantine Zamoyski

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POLAND:

A POEM.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF

"THE PLEASURES OF HOPE."

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

LINES ON THE VIEW FROM ST. LEONARD'S.

EXTRACTED FROM THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE
FOR JUNE AND JULY, 1831.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

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ON POLAND.

TO BE INSERTED IN THE NEW EDITION OF

"THE PLEASURES OF HOPE."

ON POLAND.

AND have I lived to see thee, sword in hand,
Uprise again, immortal Polish Land !—
Whose flag brings more than chivalry to mind,
And leaves the tri-colour in shade behind;—
A theme for uninspired lips too strong;
That swells my heart beyond the power of song:—
Majestic men, whose deeds have dazzled faith,
Ah! yet your fate's suspense arrests my breath;
Whilst, envying bosoms bared to shot and steel,
I feel the more that fruitlessly I feel.

Poles ! with what indignation I endure
 The half-pitying servile mouths that call you poor !—
 Poor ! is it England mocks you with her grief,
 That hates, but dares not chide, the *Imperial Thief* ?
 France with her soul beneath a Bourbon's thrall,
 And Germany that has no soul at all,—
 States, quailing at the giant overgrown,
 Whom dauntless Poland grapples with alone ?—
 No, ye are rich in fame ev'n whilst ye bleed ;
 We cannot aid you—we are poor indeed !

In Fate's defiance—in the world's great eye,
 Poland has won her Immortality !
 The Butcher, should he reach her bosom now,
 Could tear not Glory's garland from her brow :
 Wreathed, filleted, the victim falls renown'd,
 And all her ashes would be holy ground !

But turn, my soul, from presages so dark :
 Great Poland's spirit is a deathless spark

That's fann'd by Heaven to mock the Tyrant's rage :
 She, like the eagle, will renew her age,
 And fresh historic plumes of Fame put on,—
 Another Athens after Marathon,—
 Where eloquence shall fulmine, arts refine,
 Bright as her arms that now in battle shine.
 Come—should the heavenly shock my life destroy
 And shut its flood-gates with excess of joy ;—
 Come but the day when Poland's fight is won—
 And on my grave-stone shine the morrow's sun—
 The day that sees Warsaw's cathedral glow
 With endless ensigns ravish'd from the foe,—
 Her women lifting their fair hands with thanks,
 Her pious warriors kneeling in their ranks,
 The scutcheon'd walls of high heraldic boast,
 The odorous altars' elevated host,
 The organ sounding through the aisle's long glooms,
 The mighty dead seen sculptured o'er their tombs ;
 (John, Europe's saviour—Poniatowski's fair
 Resemblance—Kosciusko's shall be there ;)

The taper'd pomp—the halleluiah's swell,
 Shall o'er the soul's devotion cast a spell,
 Till visions cross the rapt enthusiast's glance,
 And all the scene becomes a waking trance.

Should Fate put far—far off that glorious scene,
 And gulphs of havoc interpose between,
 Imagine not, ye men of every clime,
 Who act, or by your sufferance share the crime—
 Your brother Abel's blood shall vainly plead
 Against the "*deep damnation*" of the deed.
 Germans, ye view its horror and disgrace
 With cold phosphoric eyes and phlegm of face.
 Is Allemagne profound in science, lore,
 And minstrel art?—her shame is but the more
 To doze and dream by governments oppress'd,
 The spirit of a book-worm in each breast.
 Well can ye mouth fair Freedom's classic line,
 And talk of Constitutions o'er your wine :

But all your vows to break the tyrant's yoke
 Expire in Bacchanalian song and smoke.
 Heavens! can no ray of foresight pierce the leads
 And mystic metaphysics of your heads,
 To show, the self-same grave, Oppression delves
 For Poland's rights, is yawning for yourselves?

Sec, whilst the Pole, the vanguard aid of France,¹
 Has vaulted on his barb and couch'd the lance,
 France turns from her abandon'd friends afresh,
 And soothes the Bear that prowls for patriot flesh;—
 Buys (ignominious purchase!) short repose,
 With dying curses and the groans of those
 That served, and loved, and put in her their trust.
 Frenchmen! the dead accuse you from the dust!—

¹ The fact ought to be universally known, that France is at this moment indebted to Poland for not being invaded by Russia. When the Duke Constantine fled from Warsaw, he left papers behind him, proving that the Russians, after the Parisian events in July, meant to have marched towards Paris, if the Polish insurrection had not prevented them.

Brows laurell'd—bosoms mark'd with many a scar
 For France—that wore her Legion's noblest star,
 Cast dumb reproaches from the field of Death
 On Gallic honor; and this broken faith
 Has robb'd you more of Fame—the life of life,—
 Than twenty battles lost in glorious strife!

And what of England—Is she steep'd so low
 In poverty, crest-fall'n, and palsied so,
 That we must sit much wroth, but timorous more,
 With Murder knocking at our neighbour's door?—
 Not Murder mask'd and cloak'd, with hidden knife,
 Whose owner owes the gallows life for life;
 But *Public Murder*!—that with pomp and gaud,
 And royal scorn of Justice, walks abroad
 To wring more tears and blood than e'er were wrung
 By all the culprits Justice ever hung!
 We read the diadem'd Assassin's vaunt,
 And wince, and wish we had not hearts to pant

With useless indignation—sigh, and frown,
 But have not hearts to throw the gauntlet down.

If but a doubt hung o'er the grounds of fray,
 Or trivial rapine stopp'd the world's highway;
 Were this some common strife of States embroil'd;—
 Britannia on the spoiler and the spoil'd
 Might calmly look, and, asking time to breathe,
 Still honorably wear her olive wreath:
 But this is Darkness combating with Light:
 Earth's adverse Principles for empire fight:
 Oppression, that has belted half the globe,
 Far as his knout could reach or dagger probe,
 Holds reeking o'er our brother-freemen slain
 That dagger—shakes it at us in disdain;
 Talks big to Freedom's states of Poland's thrall,
 And, trampling one, contemns them one and all.

My Country! colours not thy once proud brow
 At this affront!—Hast thou not fleets enow

With Glory's streamer, lofty as the lark,
 Gay fluttering o'er each thunder-bearing bark,
 To warm the Insulter's seas with barbarous blood,
 And interdict his flag from Ocean's flood?
 Ev'n now far off the sea-cliff, where I sing,
 I see, my Country and my Patriot King!
 Your ensign glad the deep. Becalm'd and slow
 A War-ship rides; while Heaven's prismatic bow
 Uprisen behind her on the horizon's base,
 Shines flushing through the tackle, shrouds, and
 stays,
 And wraps her giant form in one majestic blaze.
 My soul accepts the omen; Fancy's eye
 Has sometimes a veracious augury:
 The Rainbow types Heaven's promise to my sight;
 The Ship, Britannia's interposing Might!

But if there should be none to aid you, Poles,
 Ye'll but to prouder pitch wind up your souls,

Above example, pity, praise, or blame,
 To sow and reap a boundless field of Fame.
 Ask aid no more from Nations that forget
 Your championship—old Europe's mighty debt.
 Though Poland (Lazarus-like) has burst the gloom,
 She rises not a beggar from the tomb.
 In Fortune's frown, on Danger's dizziest brink,
 Despair and Poland's name must never link.
 All ills have bounds—plague, whirlwind, fire, and
 flood:
 Ev'n Power can spill but bounded sums of blood.
 States caring not what Freedom's price may be,
 May late or soon, but must at last, be free;
 For body-killing tyrants cannot kill
 The public soul—the hereditary will,
 That, downward as from sire to son it goes,
 By shifting bosoms more intensely glows:
 Its heir-loom is the heart, and slaughter'd men
 Fight fiercer in their orphans o'er again.
 Poland recasts—though rich in heroes old,—
 Her men in more and more heroic mould:

Her eagle-ensign best among mankind
 Becomes, and types her eagle-strength of mind:
 Her praise upon my faltering lips expires:—
 Resume it, younger bards, and nobler lyres!

ON THE

VIEW FROM ST. LEONARD'S,

HASTINGS.

B



ON THE

VIEW FROM ST. LEONARD'S,

HASTINGS.

HAIL to thy face and odours, glorious Sea!
'Twere thanklessness in me to bless thee not,
Great beauteous Being! in whose breath and smile
My heart beats calmer, and my very mind
Inhales salubrious thoughts. How welcomer
Thy murmurs than the murmurs of the world!
Though like the world thou fluctuatest, thy din
To me is peace, thy restlessness repose.

Ev'n gladly I exchange yon spring-green lanes,
 With all the darling field-flowers in their prime,
 And gardens haunted by the nightingale's
 Long trills and gushing ecstasies of song,
 For these wild headlands and the sea-mew's clang.

With thee beneath my windows, pleasant Sea!
 I long not to o'erlook Earth's fairest glades
 And green savannahs: Earth has not a plain
 So boundless or so beautiful as thine.
 The eagle's vision cannot take it in:
 The lightning's wing, too weak to sweep its space,
 Sinks half-way o'er it like a wearied bird.
 It is the mirror of the stars, where all
 Their hosts within the concave firmament,
 Gay marching to the music of the spheres,
 Can see themselves at once.

Nor on the stage
 Of rural landscape are there lights and shades

Of more harmonious dance and play than thine.
 How vividly this moment brightens forth,
 Between grey parallel and leaden breadths,
 A belt of hues that stripes thee many a league,
 Flush'd like the rainbow, or the ring-dove's neck,
 And giving to the glancing sea-bird's wing
 The semblance of a meteor!

Mighty Sea!

Cameleon-like thou changest, but there's love
 In all thy change, and constant sympathy
 With yonder Sky—thy Mistress; from her brow
 Thou takest thy moods, and wear'st her colours on
 Thy faithful bosom; morning's milky white,
 Noon's sapphire, or the saffron glow of eve,
 And all thy balmier hours, fair Element!
 Have such divine complexion—crisp'd smiles,
 Luxuriant heavings, and sweet whisperings,—
 That little is the wonder, Love's own Queen
 From thee of old was fabled to have sprung—

Creation's common! which no human power
 Can parcel or enclose; the lordliest floods
 And cataracts, that the tiny hands of man
 Can tame, conduct, or bound, are drops of dew
 To thee, that couldst subdue the Earth itself,
 And brook'st commandment from the heavens alone
 For marshalling thy waves.

Yet, potent Sea!

How placidly thy moist lips speak ev'n now
 Along yon sparkling shingles! Who can be
 So fanciless, as to feel no gratitude
 That power and grandeur can be so serene,
 Soothing the home-bound navy's peaceful way,
 And rocking ev'n the fisher's little bark
 As gently as a mother rocks her child?

The inhabitants of other worlds behold
 Odr orb more lucid for thy spacious share
 On earth's rotundity; and is he not

A blind worm in the dust, great Deep!—the man
 Who sees not, or who seeing, has no joy
 In thy magnificence? What though thou art
 Unconscious and material, thou canst reach
 The inmost immaterial mind's recess,
 And with thy tints and motion stir its chords
 To music, like the light on Memnon's lyre!

The Spirit of the Universe in thee
 Is visible; thou hast in thee the life—
 The eternal, graceful, and majestic life—
 Of Nature, and the natural human heart
 Is therefore bound to thee with holy love.

Earth has her gorgeous towns; the earth-circling

Sea

Has spires and mansions more amusive still—
 Men's volant homes, that measure liquid space
 On wheel or wing. The chariot of the land,
 With pain'd and panting steeds and clouds of dust,

Has no sight-gladdening motion like these fair
 Careerers with the foam beneath their bows,
 Whose streaming ensigns charm the waves by
 day,
 Whose carols and whose watch-bells cheer the
 night,
 Moor'd as they cast the shadows of their masts
 In long array, or hither flit and yond
 Mysteriously with slow and crossing lights,
 Like spirits on the darkness of the deep.

There is a magnet-like attraction in
 These waters to the imaginative power,
 That links the viewless with the visible,
 And pictures things unseen. To realms beyond
 Yon highway of the world my fancy flies,
 When by her tall and triple mast we know
 Some noble voyager that has to woo
 The trade-winds, and to stem the ecliptic surge.
 The coral groves—the shores of conch and pearl,

Where she will cast her anchor, and reflect
 Her cabin-window lights on warmer waves,
 And under planets brighter than our own :
 The nights of palmy isles, that she will see
 Lit boundless by the fire-fly—all the smells
 Of tropic fruits that will regale her—all
 The pomp of nature, and the inspiriting
 Varieties of life she has to greet,—
 Come swarming o'er the meditative mind.

True, to the dream of Fancy, Ocean has
 His darker hints ; but where 's the element
 That chequers not its usefulness to man
 With casual terror ? Scathes not Earth sometimes
 Her children with Tartarean fires, or shakes
 Their shrieking cities, and, with one last clang
 Of bells for their own ruin, strews them flat
 As riddled ashes—silent as the grave ?
 Walks not Contagion on the air itself ?
 I should—old Ocean's Saturnalian days,

And roaring nights of revelry and sport
 With wreck and human woe—be loth to sing ;
 For they are few, and all their ills weigh light
 Against his sacred usefulness, that bids
 Our pensile globe revolve in purer air.
 Here Morn and Eve with blushing thanks receive
 Their freshening dews ; gay fluttering breezes cool
 Their wings to fan the brow of fever'd climes ;
 And here the Spring dips down her emerald urn
 For showers to glad the earth.

Old Ocean was,

Infinity of ages ere we breathed
 Existence ; and he will be beautiful,
 When all the living world that sees him now,
 Shall roll unconscious dust around the sun.
 Quelling from age to age the vital throb
 In human hearts, Death shall not subjugate
 The pulse that swells in *his* stupendous breast,
 Or interdict his minstrelsy to sound

In thundering concert with the quiring winds :
 But long as man to parent Nature owns
 Instinctive homage, and in times beyond
 The power of thought to reach, bard after bard
 Shall sing thy glory, BEATIFIC SEA !

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